surely marked with a red print of Spock's hand. Hobbled, awkward, he balanced on one leg and then the other; shifting, showing the cleft in his ass, the fair skin of inner thigh, the dusky rose of balls, he rid himself of his boots and straightened. Still in profile, watching his body and Spock's in the mirror, he let the pants slide to the floor and kicked them aside.

Spock straightened too, eyes on Kirk's cock in the mirror as it arched out of its curly nest. Without warning, Spock hooked Kirk's ankles apart, turning him back to the mirror, allowing no hiding and Kirk needed no command now to fix his eyes on the glass, comparing them.

"Lean forward. Put your left hand on the glass." Spock's deep voice moved him, and he fell forward, taking his weight on one hand, muscles tensing and weaving to the strain. His legs were parted, stretched helplessly open and vulnerable to Spock's hands. Spock, please.

A faint touch, lightly drawn finger, traveled down his spine, drifted to trace the smarting mark on his ass. He half flinched away, half thrust forward and earned another sharp blow below the first pain that exploded into heat.

"You may move your right hand, nothing more."

Kirk's strained position, the bondage of Spock's voice, were increasing the sensation second by second.

"Yes," was all he could gasp as a blow to the unmarked cheek tested his obedience, once, twice, and then Spock's hand went between his legs, cradeling his balls, teasing his crack until he sobbed and grabbed his cock and milked it upward twice, the strong, almost painful strokes he needed.

Spock's fingers probed his ass, and he was sore there, and didn't care, wanted those fingers inside him, finding the pleasure place there, behind his balls.

His cock was crimson in his hand, his fist flying from the golden fleece to the fierce head, pulling more and more sensation forth, almost to the edge of release, when Spock reached forward.

"No," he said. "Stop." His grip immobilized Kirk's wrist, froze him in mid-flight. The surge retreated. "Let go," said Spock.

Kirk released his cock, quivering in unfulfillment, Spock slid to his knees, fingers still slowly thrusting, circling inside Kirk. He released Kirk's wrist, stroked across Kirk's thigh and his own chest, slid his hand down and gripped his own cock.

"Now watch me."

Kirk could not have looked away. His hand was clenched in the Vulcan's hair, his abandoned cock bobbed in the air. Spock's fingers were still stroking and circling inside him, and it was torture to watch as the lean fingers stroked that green cock higher and longer, torture to watch Spock's finger and thumb force a burning drop from its velvety head. Spock lifted the drop on a fingertip and held it up.

"Taste."

Kirk could smell Spock's musk, and it destroyed him with desire. He took the drop on his tongue sucking, nibbling Spock's finger with half closed eyes, pretending it was Spock's cock, eager for Spock's cock in his mouth, in his ass, wanting to destroy Spock with his own cock. The finger was pulled away.

"No," Kirk moaned.

But Spock pulled his fingers free of Kirk's ass, unclenched Kirk's hand from his hair. Kirk shook his head miserably, eyes shut tight, helpless to move til Spock willed it, crucified by desire.

"Now take me," the deep voice commanded. Spock lay on his back, thighs wide, cock straining upward in his hand. Kirk knew he should wait, knew there was a reason not to, a decision he had made, but the Vulcan had filled his mind with fire and he couldn't remember, couldn't wait. He was on his knees, lifting Spock, seeking the tight entrance, forcing the door before he could think--flaming, ruthless, without pity.

He slid in, making his own place in the firey core of Spock's body, withdrew and thrust again, against Spock's pain, seeking release, desperate for it, and suddenly, too soon, he was out of contro spending himself, all of himself in Spock's depths.

When he could, he pulled free, eased Spock's position, feeling true pity now, and some shame for Spock's unfulfilled condition.

"I'm sorry," he panted. "I couldn't wait--didn't mean to do that--" He slid down, kissed Spock's belly and reached toward his cock. "Let me catch my breath."

"I can wait." Spock's voice was shaken, too. "I want to come with you in me."

A chuckle shook Kirk. "Don't let the reputation fool you. I'm only human." He teased the crisp curls with his fingertips, eyes feasting on the jade-veined beauty of Spock's cock. "Let me take care of you. I love the way you taste."

Spock moved his hand away.

"I can wait, Jim. It's important to me."

Kirk shifted higher, searched Spock's face where desire and a great vulnerability showed.

"Why?" he whispered. "I know I hurt you--and I didn't want to remind you--"

"That could never be. I wanted you to know how it was for me when I wanted you so much I could not stop. And when I was in you last night, the images in your mind were so beautiful. I wish to know you in all ways."

Kirk tightened his grip, covered Spock's mouth with his, letting desire fuse them into one wanting creature. Spock's hard cock burned against his knee. Spock's breath mingled with his. The nebula swirled, spinning fire, mind to mind. The tension in that lean body demanded response, and he was hard again, so hard, and Spock's thighs opened as he moved, Spock's hands reached back to part himself and show the way....

With one long rocking stroke, Kirk filled him, sliding forever into the flaming, silken tunnel. He was in Spock, this gift needed, wanted, as much as the first. He felt himself welcomed, loved, with every beat of Spock's heart, Spock's blood. Spock gripped him tightly, as he gripped Spock, slowly, lovingly milking his cock, gently rocking inside him. Deliberately, slowly, he lifted them higher, climbing solemnly to the ultimate, inevitable surrender and celebration that left nothing undiscovered, nothing unshared....